

## COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

### LIBERTYVILLE DOINGS.

Goers and comers were numerous here Christmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Simpson returned from Allenville Thursday.

Born, to the wife of J. W. Banes, December 25th, 1906, a daughter.

Ray Presnell spent Christmas here and returned to Flat River Monday.

Miss Victoria Heitman returned from Patton Friday and will remain here.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Moran spent Christmas week visiting friends in St. Louis.

G. N. Baker purchased a fine three-year-old jack from Thomas Whelan last week.

Harold Crow says he expects to return to the Cape Normal to resume his studies this week, if the girls don't de-arm him.

A happy new year to you, Mr. Editor, and the office boys, and all the Times reporters.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Russell of Flat River spent Christmas with Mrs. Russell's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Keith, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Funk and little daughter, Velma, of St. Joseph, Mo., and Mrs. Z. T. Berryman and daughter, Anna, of Fredericktown, were the guests of Mrs. A. E. Vansickle, and Mrs. F. L. Graham Christmas week.

Will Vansickle of the U. S. Navy left here Tuesday. He is chief machinist on the U. S. submarine boat, Porpoise, headquarters at Brooklyn, New York. He has enlisted for four years more, and in three years more he will be promoted to captain.

### FELIX.

**GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES** itching, blind, bleeding, protruding. Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

### SALEM NEIGHBORHOOD.

Andrew Yeager is very sick with la grippe.

Atton DeGrant has gone to Flat River to work.

B. C. McDaniel of Route No. 2 is still very sick.

A happy New Year to all the good old Times readers.

We are glad to say that Mrs. Jasper Turkey was some better at last account.

Mrs. Becca Cunningham, Nellie Petre and May Woodard spent Christmas with friends in Flat River.

W. M. Perryman returned home Saturday from Kentucky, where he had been visiting friends and relatives.

Judge Orton lost a valuable mare last week. If he had been out on 7th of May she would have been 27 years old.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Richards and little daughter, Iva, visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Edwards, during Christmas.

Tom and Alonzo Perryman of Esther spent a few days with friends and relatives in Salem neighborhood during Christmas week.

Jasper Smart and family, who moved into this vicinity a couple of months ago, have moved back to their old home in Flat River.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Orten, Mrs. Carrie Parks, Mr. Mead Richards and family, Lena Barr and Harvey Lewis spent New Year's with J. J. Edwards and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Edwards and daughter, Miss Jessie, and Mrs. Maggie Richards and little daughter spent Christmas day with Wm. Shipp and family of Farmington.

Mr. Richards, carrier on route No. 2, is very grateful to the patrons on the route for their many presents during Christmas and New Year, and wishes to express his thanks for their kind remembrance of him.

### RUBY.

**HAS STOOD THE TEST 25 YEARS** The old, original GROVE'S Tasteless Chili Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, No Pay. 50c

### Stray Horses.

A brown mare pony, about 14 1/2 hands high, left eye out, white spot in forehead, hind feet white; shod in front. Also a bay horse about 15 1/2 hands high, five years old next spring, white spot in forehead, white spot on nose, and shod all round; in traveling he paces all the time. Any information will be gladly rewarded.

JOHN LAYNE,  
Elvins, Mo.

A man named Bryant employed at a saw mill near East Prairie put a giant cracker in a piece of iron pipe to see if it would burst it, when it was lighted on Christmas Day. It did, with such effect that the piece struck the man in the head, inflicting such injuries that he died.

### NEW PERIL FOR MANKIND.

Adornments of Femininity the Cause of Much Trouble.

With a smothered ejaculation the man clapped his hand to his eye and the pretty girl sitting next to him blushed furiously. Then she left the car two blocks before she had reached her destination. When she had alighted the man freed his mind.

"That's the second time to-day I've nearly lost my eyesight by one of those infernal quills," he muttered. "And this sort of thing has been going on ever since the spring millinery came in. I've had my nose tickled, my hat knocked off and my chin scraped until I'm sick of it. Every hat bears one of these bristling weapons, and all set at such an angle that they are bound to make trouble to some one. They are not sewed down in a decent manner, but are thrust in so the feather end sticks 'way out one way and the pointed quill the other. They look as if some one had thrown them at the hat and they had stuck there. I imagine the style was invented to prevent a woman from being crowded in the cars, for they serve to keep every one at a distance."

Just then the man dodged, but not quickly enough to prevent a long scratch across his cheek as the woman the other side of him suddenly turned to look out of the window—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### SOAP WAS A MEDICINE.

Past Generation Had Great Belief in Its Efficacy.

"When I was a boy," said the old man, "they often made me take a little soap as a medicine. It did me good."

"Soap was prescribed in the village for cramp, for sick headache, for a half dozen complaints. The people admitted that it was a numerous dose, but on the other hand they pointed to its efficacy."

"When I was taken down my mother would cut from the cake of yellow soap in the kitchen a chunk about as big as a chestnut."

"Now, sonny," she would say, "swallow this," and she'd hold the yellow morsel in thumb and forefinger close to my lips.

"I'd begin to whimper. The smell of it and the idea of the father that would form in my mouth—the father I'd have to swallow—would fill me with despair. But my mother was inexorable. With stiff lips I'd take the soap into my mouth. I'd chew the soft and slippery stuff a little, and then, with a groan and a dreadful gulp, I'd swallow it. Horrors!"

"Horrors!" said the old man, smiling. "I can still taste those doses of soap that were so common in the village in my boyhood."

### Man Sells His Skin.

Antonio Gilberti, a coachman, patient at the Brescia hospital, Milan, Italy, so badly burned himself that the skin began to peel off from all parts of his body. The physicians had despaired of saving his life, when another patient, named Franceschini, a stout man having more skin than he required for his personal use, offered to sell the coachman some. A bargain was struck for 500 lire, which Gilberti has promised to pay on the installment plan as soon as he is well enough to work. In the meantime Franceschini is being literally flayed alive, and the removed portions of the epidermis are being transferred to Gilberti's body. The physicians are quite as much occupied in preventing the men from quarreling as they are with the operation.

### Great Future for Berlin.

The biggest city in the world 50 years to come will be Berlin. That is the calculation of Herr Olumke, a noted statistician. Its population will be near 14,000,000, and its only serious rival will be New York. In a pamphlet he has written to set forth this prophetic theory, Herr Olumke says the population of Berlin is increasing more rapidly than that of any other city except Budapest, Hungary. To-day Great Berlin contains over 3,000,000 inhabitants. The rapid growth with Berlin's political and commercial importance will place the Prussian capital ahead of London, Paris and New York. He calculates that London in 1953 will have 7,000,000 inhabitants.

### Daughter as a Substitute.

An old bachelor bought a pair of socks and found attached to one a paper with these words: "I am a young lady of 20 and would like to correspond with a bachelor with a view to matrimony." The name and address were given. The bachelor wrote and in a few days got this reply: "Mamma was married 30 years ago. Evidently the merchant of whom you bought those socks did not advertise or he would have sold them long ago. My mother handed me your letter and said possibly I might suit. I am 18."

### Good Little Boy.

One afternoon while in Sunday school a little boy who had not been very attentive and had been interrupting the lesson, was asked by his teacher if he knew where bad little boys go.

The little fellow studied awhile, and then answered: "Yes. It's place where there is fire, but I don't remember the name of the town."

### What He Would Do.

"I wish I had money enough to buy an automobile."

"What kind of one would you get?"

"I'd get a spanking team of horses."

### NOT FREE OF SUPERSTITION.

We, of Modern Times, Cling Fondly to Absurd Beliefs.

The story of the prima donna who would not sing until her mascot, the stag's head, was installed over her chimney piece is a type of modern superstition. We are quite as credulous this twentieth century as our forefathers of medieval times.

What woman does not believe one of her gowns to be lucky and the other unlucky? How many refuse to don opals, while others carry a fetic in the shape of a crooked sixpence or rusty nail, a lucky shamrock, or a hideous little silver pig about them? Everywhere superstition meets one. It is awfully unlucky to break a looking glass, Friday is a bad day to start on a journey. Sunday is the day that all the best things in life have happened to one; these are some of the sayings that reach one's ears habitually.

Curious legends and curses hang about houses and families. In one case a belief was current that the owners of a particular place would never have male heirs to succeed them in direct line. The house was sold twice to different owners, and the curse always came true. The present proprietor has only daughters and no male relative to continue the line. These are, no doubt, coincidences, but they are curious nevertheless, and probably have originated from some definite cause.

### HAD REASON FOR BEING.

How Lack of Flavor of Cranberries Improved Turkey.

With all her wonderful fruits, California lacks a cranberry worthy of the name. A New England tourist ordered cranberry sauce with his turkey one Thanksgiving day at a hotel in Pasadena. An odd-looking and odd-tasting dish of stewed fruit was brought to him.

"What do you call this?" he asked the waitress, a girl from the New Hampshire mountains.

"Cranberry sauce, sir," she answered, with a faint smile of sympathy for his evident distaste.

"Cranberry sauce!" he echoed indignantly. "That has no more the flavor of a cranberry than a peanut has of a pumpkin."

"Maybe not," she replied demurely, "but you see it gives folks a great deal more reason to be thankful for the turkey."

### The World's Volcanic Belts.

There are two great belts on the earth in which either volcanoes are active or mountains are growing or in which the two phenomena are associated. These two belts follow great circles. One of these passes through the West Indies, the Mediterranean sea, the Caucasus and Himalaya mountains, and is called by De Montessus the "Mediterranean" or "Alpine-Caucasian-Himalayan" belt. In this belt 53 per cent. of all recorded earthquakes have occurred. The second belt nearly encircles the Pacific, following the Andes, the mountains of western North America, the Aleutian Islands, Japan and the Philippines. This De Montessus calls the "circum-Pacific" or "Andes-Japanese-Malayan" belt. In this belt have occurred 41 per cent. of all recorded earthquakes. In all the rest of the world the recorded earthquakes equal only six per cent. of the total number.—Leslie's Weekly.

### The Professor Felt Safe.

Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, Harvard's well-known psychologist, did not disapprove the Anglo-Saxon "new woman" without incurring the inevitable penalties.

The other day he picked up a marked copy of a western newspaper which somebody did not intend should escape his attention, and as he read his face assumed a most quizzical expression. Suddenly he began to pat the crown of his head, which, by the way, is completely bald. The further he read the more fervently he patted, until finally he threw down the paper and cried with simulated chagrin:

"Ach, here is a woman in Minnesota who says if she could only get at me, how she would pull my hair! Think, if she could only see me now!"

### Had Cleaned Them Up.

In his reminiscences Bishop Potter tells a story of Dr. Dudley, a hard-working bishop of Kentucky. There was a dining-room servant, whose mistress had expressly commanded that hot waffles should be in plenty for the bishop's breakfast. "After several mornings there was a pause, and the waiter stood back stiffly from his duties. When nods and winks, in crescendo, failed to bring response, the mistress said, 'John, why do you not hand the bishop some waffles?' 'Huh,' responded John, 'they ain't no mo'; he done had ten already.'"

### Down and Out.

"Excuse me, kind lady, but could you please give a poor tramp a bite to eat?"

"You poor man. Haven't you had a bite to eat to-day?"

"No, mum. Not for three days."

"And have you always been a tramp?"

"Oh, no, mum. Jest recently. I used to be a stockholder in the Standard Oil company."

### The Mother-in-Law Again.

Smith—I never could understand all these mother-in-law jokes. I've always considered Mrs. Smith's mother a Heaven-sent blessing. Jones—You don't mean it! Smith—Surely. She died when my wife was a baby.

### FEEDING A RUBBER PLANT.

Woman Cares For Specimen in a Scientific Manner.

A woman who lives in a little flat on West 28th street has a rubber plant which she considers king of its kind, says the New York Press. Standing on the sill of her front window, it reaches almost to the top of the upper pane, some of its leaves being over eighteen inches long.

"It puts forth one new leaf every week without fail," she explains proudly. "And did you ever see such a fine gloss and quality of the leaves of any other rubber plant?"

"I'll tell you how it is—it's all due to feeding it properly. My plant gets good, rich food. Every time I buy mutton or beef for dinner I wash it carefully in a saucepan, instead of holding it under the spigot, and afterward I pour the water, which has some of the blood of the meat in it, over the roots to give them strength. Then I also give my plant a tablespoonful of codliver oil once a week. I feed it to the earth, and the plant drinks it up."

"I never heard of any one else feeding a plant this way. The idea is all my own, and I'm proud of it. I have never seen another rubber plant so strong and healthy as mine is."

### LOVE REDUCED TO SCIENCE.

Mathematical Proposition, According to College Girl.

"Do you love me as much as I love you?"

"The college girl smiled. 'Do you wish me to prove it?' she said. For answer he bent forward, expecting to receive the usual binding of the promise."

"I mean mathematically," she continued, drawing her face back. "Now, don't be cross. Listen! We belong to a certain circle. We are the radii of that circle. Two radii of a circle are equal to a third radius of the same circle."

He wasn't good at mathematics, but he conceded the point.

"Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Well, supposing that you and I are equal to X, an unknown quantity."

He was perfectly willing to suppose anything.

"X is our love for each other. We are equal to X. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, therefore I must love you in the same ratio that you love me!" He didn't wait for any more mathematics. The "X" became X'tasy!

### As to a Novelist.

"Ah," gushed the sweet young thing, "he is such a delightful writer. I wonder how he works?"

"Judging from the quality and quantity of his output," responded the sour old thing, "I should imagine that he writes with both hands and dictates with his mouth."

### Looking Forward.

"Have you any watches with water-proof cases?" asked the young man.

"No," replied the jeweler. "What is your object in wanting a water-proof watch?"

"Oh, I may have occasion to soak it occasionally," answered the young man.

### The Earth Rocked It.

De Style—I suppose Snoozer grumbled when the earthquake visited his town.

Gunbusta—Oh, no; he said he didn't have to get up that night and rock the baby.

The Drummer's Association Club of New Madrid cleared \$125 at their Christmas ball and supper. They are raising a fund for May, 1907 to entertain the drummers.

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